

# POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SMALLER  
10

QUALITY  
SERIES

OCTOBER  
No. 3

STARRING  
THE **FIREBRAND**  
NEWEST COMIC  
SENSATION



PLASTIC MAN



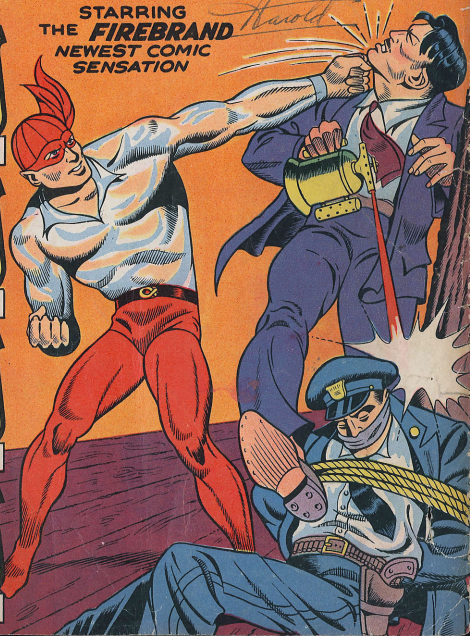
THE HUMAN BOMB



#711



THE MOUTHPIECE







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 2 A new kind of MAGAZINES in ONE COMIC MAGAZINE



**WATCH**  
for  
**THIS COVER**

**ON  
SALE  
AUGUST  
1ST**

**10¢**

**Scoop!**

**NO OTHER COMIC  
MAGAZINE HAS  
THIS FEATURE !!**

**SECRET  
WAR NEWS**

**new**  
**A COMIC  
NEWSPAPER**

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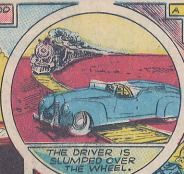


AT SEVENTY MILES PER HOUR, ROD SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.



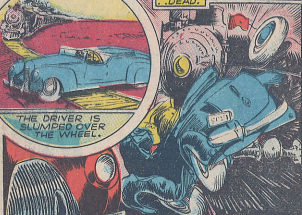
DON'T GAMBLE WITH DEATH, ROD. YOU'LL CATCH WILTON!

JOAN! LOOK! A CAR STALLED ON THE TRACKS!



THE DRIVER IS SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL.

A TERRIFIC CRASH... AND AMID THE FLYING WRECKAGE IS A HUMAN BODY... DEAD.



I'M AFRAID THAT WAS WILTON... AND HE WAS MURDERED BEFORE THE CRASH. I'LL FIND OUT!



I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME! WHY DIDN'T THAT DRIVER JUMP CLEAR?

HE WAS DEAD... MURDERED! SEE? A BULLET HOLE IN HIS SKULL!

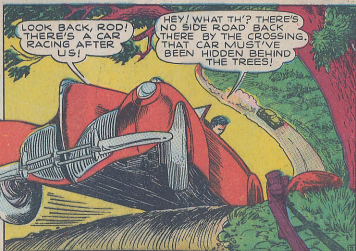


I WAS TOO LATE, JOAN. DEATH WON THE RACE AND CAUGHT WILTON.

OH, HOW HORRIBLE! WHAT CAUSED THE ACCIDENT?



WILTON'S ENEMIES. THEY SHOT HIM AND LEFT THE CAR ON THE TRACKS TO HIDE THEIR CRIME!



LOOK BACK, ROD! THERE'S A CAR RACING AFTER US!

HEY! WHAT TH'? THERE'S NO SIDE ROAD BACK THERE BY THE CROSSING. THAT CAR MUST'VE BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE TREES!





WITH RECKLESS SPEED ROD TRIES TO OUT-DISTANCE THE GUNMEN.



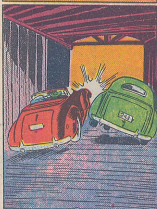
A COVERED BRIDGE LOOMS BEYOND A SHARP CURVE.



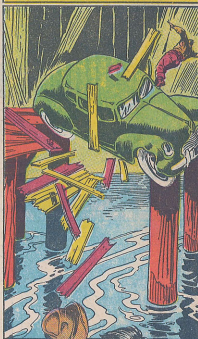
HANG ON TIGHT, JOAN! I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM A SPILL!



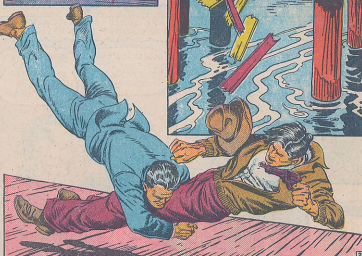
QUICKLY TWISTING THE WHEEL, ROD SIDESWIPE THE THUGS' CAR.



WITH THE SPLINTERING CRASH OF TIMBERS THE THUGS' CAR TEARS THROUGH THE BRIDGE.

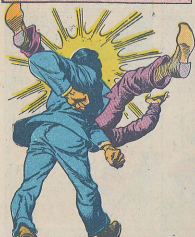


LEAVING CLEAR, THE DRIVER FIRES ON ROD.

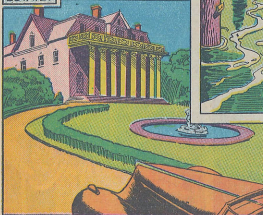




ROD'S DYNAMITE FISTS KNOCK THE THUG THROUGH THE RAIL.



GRAVEL FLIES AS ROD SLURS INTO THE DRIVE OF THE REILLY ESTATE.



HE'LL DROWN IN THAT SWIFT CURRENT! TOO BAD. I WANTED TO TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE!



IN A MOMENT THEY ARE FLASHING DOWN THE HIGHWAY...



BUT NOW I MUST REPORT TO DAD AT ONCE... HE'LL BE SHOCKED BY WILTON'S DEATH BUT MAYBE HE'LL KNOW THE EVIL SCHEME BEHIND IT!

GOOD GOSH! YOU DIDN'T CATCH WILTON? WHAT HAPPENED?

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT INSIDE, DAD



AFTER ROD EXPLAINS THEIR EXPERIENCE...

THE F.B.I. PHONED THAT WILTON'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER. THAT'S WHY I SENT YOU TO STOP HIM!

TELL US MORE, DAD!

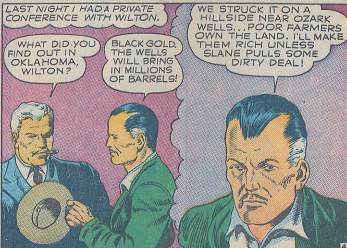


LAST NIGHT I HAD A PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH WILTON.

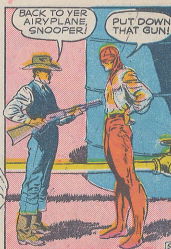
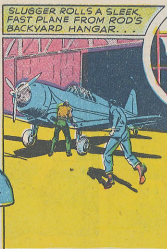
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT IN OKLAHOMA, WILTON?

BLACK GOLD. THE WELLS WILL BRING IN MILLIONS OF BARRELS!

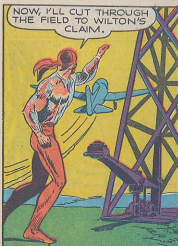
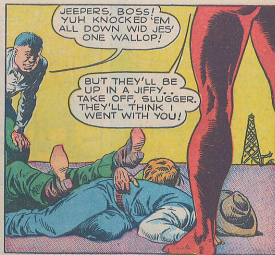
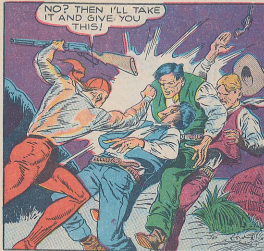
WE STRUCK IT ON A HILLSIDE NEAR OZARK WELLS... POOR FARMERS OWN THE LAND. I'LL MAKE THEM RICH UNLESS SLANE PULLS SOME DIRTY DEAL!



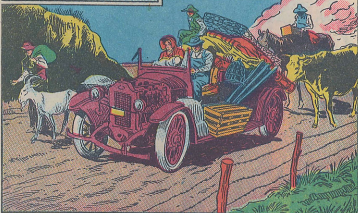








OVER THE HILLSIDE, FIREBRAND DISCOVERS A PITIFUL PROCESSION OF FARM FAMILIES LEAVING THEIR HOMES.



FIREBRAND QUÉRIES THEIR LEADER AND LEARNS...





FIREFRANK REACHES SLANE'S OFFICE BUT DOESN'T ARGUE WITH THE GUARD.



HE ENTERS QUIETLY AND PAUSES.



MY MEN KILLED WILTON. NOW GET DER DEED TO DOT LAND UND DRILL DER VELL. MY COUNTRY'S U-BOATS NEED OIL. MIT DER SECRET PIPE LINE TO DER GULF, WE CAN SMUGGLE OUT TEN T'OUSAND BARRELS PER MONTH.

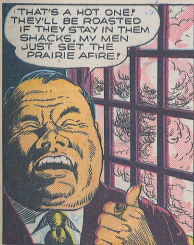
QUICK, FRITZ! YOUR GUN!



DROP IT, FRITZ, OR PUT A PILLOW UNDER YOUR CHIN!



FRITZ IS THROUGH WORK FOR THE DAY.. AND I SENT THE FARMERS BACK TO THE HOMES YOU TRIED TO STEAL FROM THEM!



THAT'S A HOT ONE! THEY'LL BE ROASTED IF THEY STAY IN THEM SHACKS. MY MEN JUST SET THE PRAIRIE AFIRE!



LOCKED, EH? WE'LL TRY ANOTHER WAY!



HEY! LET ME GO!

NOT TILL WE'VE PUT OUT THAT FIRE!



BUT THE RAGING INFERNO CAUSES NO ALARM AMONG SLANE'S GRAFTING JOBBOLDERS.



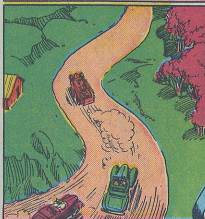
LOOKS LIKE A HOT TIME IN THE SHANTY TOWN TONIGHT. HO-HUM...



WHAT TH' HELP !!



SUDDENLY CARS ARE RACING AFTER THE FIRE ENGINE...



GRIM-FACED GUNNERS AIM A HAIL OF LEAD AT FIREBRAND.



BUT SLUGGER DIVES FROM THE SMOKEY SKY.



THEN A PLANE SWOOPS BESIDE HIM... IT IS JOAN.



IN SLUGGER'S MOMENT OF SURPRISE, A TOMMY GUN BLASTS SKYWARD—AT JOAN'S SHIP.





BLACK OILY SMOKE  
STREAMS FROM THE  
COWLING.

OOH! THE  
ENGINE'S  
DEAD! I'M  
GOING TO  
CRASH!

NO! THAT  
CAN'T BE JOAN'S  
PLANE! WHAT  
WOULD SHE BE  
DOING HERE?

SLUGGER TRAINS HIS GUN SIGHTS ON  
AN ARMORED CAR NEAR A CROSSROADS.

H'MM... JOAN BEAT  
IT SOMEWHERE.  
JES' LIKE A WOMAN.

AT RECKLESS SPEED,  
FIREBRAND NEARS  
THE INTERSECTION  
WITH THE FIRE ENGINE.

THEY'D BETTER  
STOP, I WON'T!

TURN  
THE GUNS  
ON 'EM,  
MEN!

WOW! THE CORONER  
WILL NEED A BASKET  
TO PICK THEM UP!

AHEAD, THE FARMERS  
ARE SWEATING  
GALLANTLY TO SAVE  
THEIR HOMES...

THEN FIREBRAND LEAPS  
FROM THE ENGINE...

COME ON,  
FELLOWS! THIS  
CHEMICAL WILL  
CHOKE THE  
BLAZE!

THE FLAMES ARE SNUFFLED  
OUT JUST BEFORE THEY  
REACH THE FARMHOUSES  
BUT...

FIREBRAND!  
LOOK! SLANE'S  
GANG, THEY'LL  
KILL US!

SWINGING FISTS AND  
FORKS THE FARMERS  
CHARGE BEHIND  
FIREBRAND..

GIVE 'EM  
THE WORKS,  
FELLOWS!

WHILE THE FIGHT RAGES, AID COMES TO SLANE.



A SPEEDY CAR PROVIDES A MEANS OF ESCAPE.



BUT,



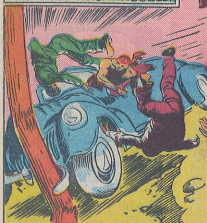
SLUGGER ZOOMS THE SHIP A FEW FEET ABOVE FIREBRAND.



BULLETS WHIZ UP LIKE ANGRY WASPS BUT HE CLINGS ON GRIMLY.



AND FIREBRAND BRINGS A DOUBLE DOSE OF TROUBLE.



AS A SIREN WAILS, FIREBRAND WHIRLS FROM HIS DAZED VICTIMS.





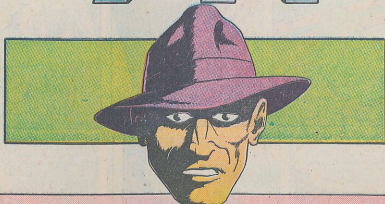


LATER, OUTSIDE SLANE'S OFFICE, A TORCH BLAZES THE MARK OF FIREBRAND.



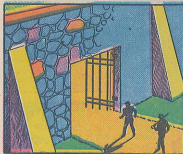
# # 711

by  
GEORGE  
E.  
BRENNER.



FROM WITHIN THE WALLS OF A GREAT PRISON OPERATES THE MOST FANTASTIC Foe OF GANGLAND.... FOR STEEL BARS CANNOT STOP 711, WHO IS DAN DYCE, WHEN THE VOICE OF JUSTICE CALLS ----

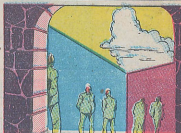
THE GATES OF WESTMOOR PRISON OPEN TO RECEIVE ANOTHER MENACE TO SOCIETY--



"ROCK" GATTY, BIG TIME HOODLUM, IS IN FOR A 5 YEAR STRETCH----



RELIEVED OF HIS NAME AND GIVEN A NUMBER, THE SURLY MOBSTER DOES NOT MINGLE WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS--



WHAT'S EATIN' GATTY, FELLAS, HE AIN'T SAID TWO WORDS TO ANY OF US SINCE HE CAME IN--

I DON'T KNOW BUT IF HE WANTS IT THAT WAY IT'S OKAY BY ME!

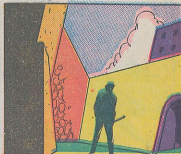


ANYTHING NEW COME OVER TH' "GRAPEVINE"?

NOTHIN' EXCEPT WE GOT A NEW GUARD COMIN' IN--



AND THE NEXT DAY, THE NEW GUARD STARTS HIS DUTIES--





AS HE PASSES ROCK  
GATTY---

THE NEXT DAY THE TWO MEN  
STAND CONCEALED IN THE  
SHADOWS OF THE GRIM WALLS-

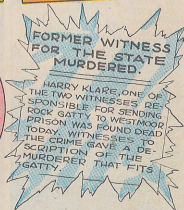
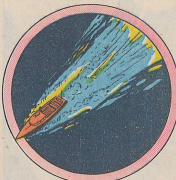
THAT NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT,  
GATTY IS RELEASED BY SPIKE  
AND THEY SLIP QUIETLY  
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS-



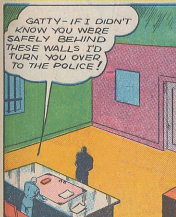
ROCK GETS INTO A WAITING  
MOTOR-BOAT-

THE SPEEDY CRAFT HEADS  
FOR THE CITY-

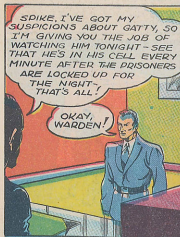
THE NEXT MORNING-



AND IN THE OFFICE OF  
THE WARDEN -



THAT AFTERNOON -



AFTER SUPPER, ROCK WALKS IN THE YARD ---

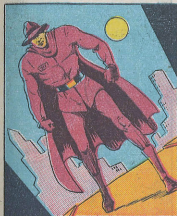




THAT NIGHT, #711 WAITS FOR GATTY TO LEAVE--



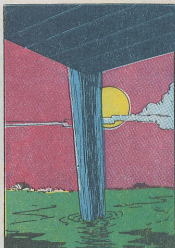
THROUGH THE STREETS 711 FOLLOWS GATTY--



SUDDENLY--



ROCK ENTERS THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE SECOND DOOMED WITNESS LIVES AND 711 CLIMBS UP THE OUTSIDE--

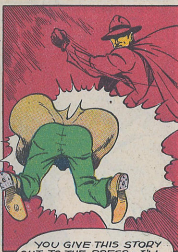
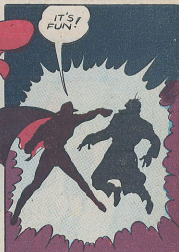


GATTY FACES HIS VICTIM--



711 STANDS IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NEXT ROOM - A CLICK MINGLES WITH GATTY'S VOICE--





AND ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY MORNING NEWSPAPER—



SECOND GATTY WITNESS NEARLY MEETS DEATH!

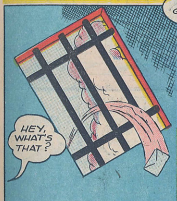
JOHN HILT, STATE WITNESS, SAVED BY THE MYSTERIOUS #7!!



THE NEXT MORNING... THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS AT THE PRISON AND QUESTIONS GATTY-



JUST THEN AN ENVELOPE IS TOSSED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW-



AND #711 ENTERS THE OFFICE-



# Dewey Drip

TAKE OFF MAH CLOTHES?  
SHUCKS!-AH WANTS T'JOIN  
TH' ARMY, MISTER-  
NOT A NUDIST  
CAMP!

C'MON, DOC-AH'M  
IN A HURRY T'START  
GITTIN' MAH #2!  
A MONTH-  
YO' KIN LISTEN  
T'YORE RAY-DEE-O  
LATER!

ALL' RIGHT,  
ROOKIE- GO IN  
AN' SEE THE DOC-  
BUT FIRST TAKE  
OFF YOUR  
CLOTHES-

LET'S SEE-LUNGS, O.K.-HEART,  
O.K.- NERVES.-HOW ARE  
YOUR NERVES?  
HOW DO YOU  
SLEEP?

SON, YOUR 'I, Q' IS  
LOWER THAN A COAL-  
MINER'S FALLEN ARCHES  
BUT PHYSICALLY  
YOU'RE PERFECT-  
TELL THE  
SERGEANT TO  
SWEAR YOU  
INTO THE  
ARMY!

SWEAR  
ME  
IN?

AH'M O.K.-MISTER. START  
**CUSSIN' ME**  
INTA YO' ARMY!

**CUSSIN' YOU?**  
OH!- YOU  
MEAN  
SWEARING  
YOU  
IN!

SLEEP?  
AH JUST  
SLEEPS ON  
MAH BELLY-  
LIKE  
THIS!

I'LL ADMINISTER  
THE OATH THEN  
YOU CAN GET  
YOUR UNIFORM-  
-- DID YOU  
EVER TAKE AN  
OATH BEFORE?

NO-  
IS THEY  
HARD  
T'SWALLOW?

AH WANTS  
A  
UNIFORM,  
NEIGHBOR!

WE HAVE  
TWO SIZES-  
TOO BIG  
AND  
TOO SMALL-  
WHICH DO YA  
WANT?

GO OVER TO THE  
**OFFICER'S MESS**  
AND ASK FOR  
MAJOR SMITH-  
HE'LL ASSIGN  
YOU TO A  
TENT!

SHO'  
'NOUGH?

HEY, HOGFAT-  
HUSTLE ALONG  
AN' TELL  
SMITTY THET  
AH WANTS  
A TENT!

YOUNG  
MAN, DO  
YOU  
REALIZE  
THAT I AM  
MAJOR  
SMITH'S  
WIFE?

SHO'-AH KNOWS  
YO' IS TH'  
**OFFICER'S MESS-**  
AN' AH DON'T  
WONDER THEY  
CALLS YO'  
THET!

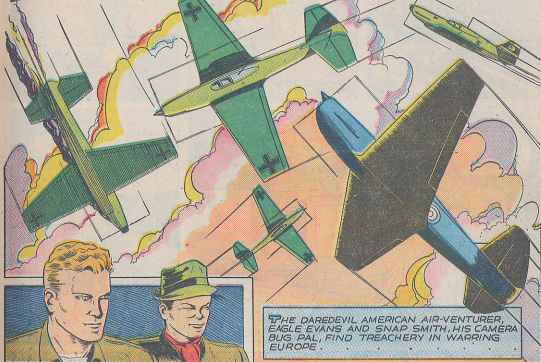
**OFFICER'S  
MESS?**  
WHY  
YOU--!!

SHE'S SHO'  
HOGFAT  
BUT SHE PACKS  
A PUNCH LIKE  
A JUGFUL OF  
PAPPY'S  
MOUNTAIN  
DEW!



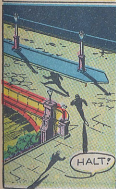
# EAGLE EVANS

Flier of Fortune  
by Clark Williams



THE DAREDEVIL AMERICAN AIR-VENTURER, EAGLE EVANS AND SNAP SMITH, HIS CAMERA BUG PAL, FIND TREACHERY IN WARRING EUROPE.

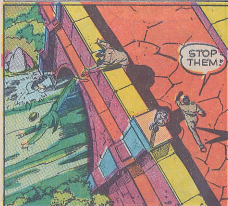
EAGLE AND SNAP LEAD AN ANGRY PACK OF SOLDIERS THROUGH PARIS.



THEY SKID TO A QUICK STOP ON A BRIDGE.



RIFLES CRACK, BULLETS WHINE AS EAGLE AND SNAP PLUNGE OFF...



SWIFT STROKES BRING THEM TO A SEWER MOUTH. THEY CRAWL INSIDE.



DEEP IN THE MURKY TUNNEL, EAGLE GRABS SNAP'S ARM.



A GNARLED FACE APPEARS IN A SECRET OPENING.



THEY REACH A VAULT-LIKE CAVERN... THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARMY.



WE HAVE A DANGEROUS MISSION FOR YOU... TO FLY THIS BRITISH AGENT INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!

DANGER IS OUR BUSINESS, PIERRE! WE'RE READY!



THE BRITISH AGENT TURNS TO EAGLE.



THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, PIERRE. I'VE HEARD THESE AMERICANS ARE EXPERTS AT TRICKING THE ENEMY!



MEANWHILE ON THE BRIDGE, THE TRAP IS SET FOR EAGLE.



THEY WILL MEET A GESTAPO AGENT DISGUISED AS A BRITISHER, WHO THEY WILL LEAD TO A REAL BRITISH SPY IN DER VATERLAND. CLEVER, EH?





AND EAGLE FALLS DEEPER INTO THE TRAP.

I KNOW WHERE AGENT 74 IS LOCATED. HE WILL GIVE YOU HIS SECRET REPORTS?

YES.. BUT WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!



PIERRE LEADS THE TRIO TO A HIDDEN EXIT.

MAKE HASTE, MY FELLOWS. THE GESTAPO MAY BE HOT ON OUR TRAIL!



AT THE TOP OF A LADDER THEY REACH A PRIVATE LANDING FIELD.

HERE'S OUR PLANE RUN FOR IT!!



A THREE-PLACE FIGHTING SHIP OF LATEST DESIGN AWAITS THEIR TAKE-OFF.

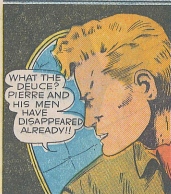
IF YOU SUCCEEDED, THE PLANE BECOMES YOURS! GOOD LUCK, M'SIEU EAGLE!!

THANKS, PIERRE. WE CAN USE A FAST SHIP FOR OUR NEXT MISSION!!



WITH SNAP AND THE FAKE BRITISH AGENT ABOARD EAGLE TAKES THE CONTROLS AND ZOOMS INTO THE SKY.

WHAT THE DEUCE? PIERRE AND HIS MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED ALREADY!!



GUESS THEY AREN'T TAKING CHANCES.. NEITHER AM I! I'M HEADING FOR THE STRATOSPHERE!

LEVELING OFF EAGLE SETS HIS COURSE FOR THE BORDER..

WE WON'T RUN INTO A FIGHTER PATROL UP HERE!



THE PHONEY AGENT'S PLANS AROUSE EAGLE'S SUSPICION..

WHEN WE LAND, I WILL TAKE THE REPORTS FROM AGENT 74.. THEN YOU WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO ENGLAND!

OH? IS THAT THE PLAN?

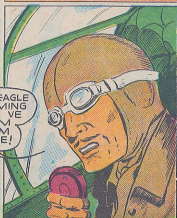


SEVERAL MILES OVER THE BORDER, EAGLE NOSES THE SHIP DOWN . . .

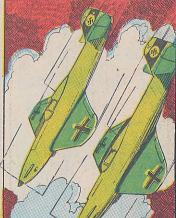


DER EAGLE ISS COMING DOWN. VE GIF HIM A SHAM BATTLE!

SUDDENLY AN ENEMY PILOT SPOTS THEM AND RADIOS HIS BASE . . .

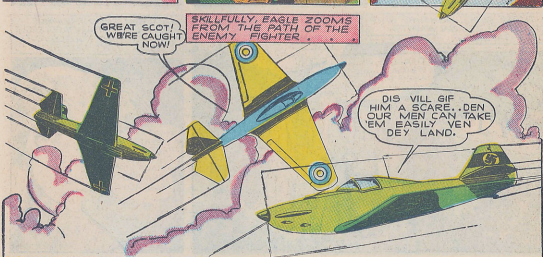


TWO HEINKEL 112'S PLUMMET ON EAGLE.



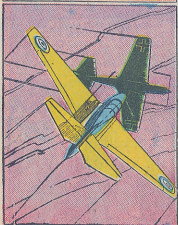
GREAT SCOT! WE'RE CAUGHT NOW!

SKILLFULLY, EAGLE ZOOMS FROM THE PATH OF THE ENEMY FIGHTER . . .

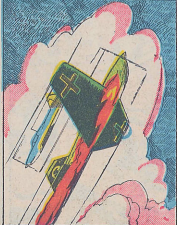


DIS VILL GIF HIM A SCARE. DEN OUR MEN CAN TAKE 'EM EASILY VEN DEY LAND.

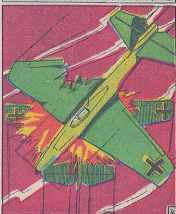
BUT THE ENEMY PILOT IS TOO BOLD. EAGLE OPENS FIRE WITH HIS WING GUNS.



A SHEET OF FLAME BURSTS FROM THE HEINKEL

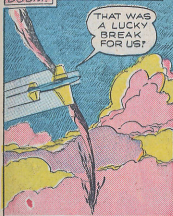


THE FEAR-CRAZED PILOT PULLS BACK HIS STICK AND CRASHES INTO THE OTHER FIGHTER . . .

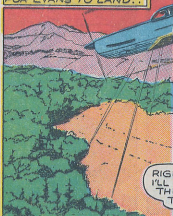




EAGLE LEVELS OFF AS HIS VICTIMS FALL TO THEIR DOOM.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER MIRROR SIGNALS FLASH FOR EVANS TO LAND.



AS EAGLE BRINGS THE SHIP DOWN TO A SMOOTH STOP, THE BRITISH AGENT AND HIS AIDE RUSH ONTO THE FIELD.



WHILE SNAP REFUELS THE SHIP, EAGLE AND THE SPY MEET BRITISH AGENT 74 WHO HANDS HIS BRIEFCASE TO HIS COLLEAGUE AGENT.



SUDDENLY SNAP'S EYES FOCUS ON A SMALL IDENTIFICATION DISK DROPPED BY THEIR PASSENGER.



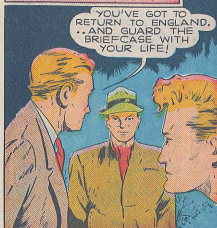
BUT EAGLE HAS OTHER IDEAS.



WITH A DEFT TWIST, EAGLE SENDS THE SPY TO THE GROUND.



THE REAL BRITISH AGENT  
TURNS TO EAGLE . . .



WHERE DO  
I TAKE THESE  
PLANS?

TO THE  
BRITISH  
INTELLIGENCE  
IN LONDON.  
..AND TELL  
THEM 74  
IS STILL  
ON THE  
JOB!



A FEW SECONDS LATER,  
A "LUFTWAFFE" SHIP RISES  
TO THE CLOUDS . . .



SNAP PICKS UP THE  
SUBMACHINE GUN . . .



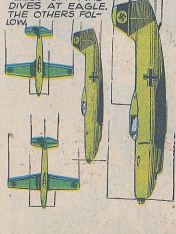
SUDDENLY A SQUADRON  
OF GERMAN FIGHTERS  
DRONES OVERHEAD . . .



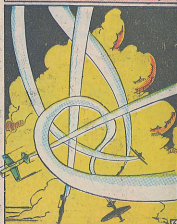
THE ENEMY SQUADRON  
LEADER BARKS AN ORDER.



THE LEAD PLANE  
'PEELS OFF' AND  
DIVES AT EAGLE.  
THE OTHERS FOL-  
LOW.

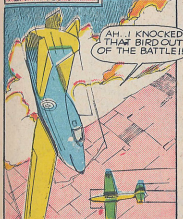


EVANS IS SWAMPED BY  
THE CORDON OF SWOOPING,  
SPINNING SHIPS . . .





BUT HE CORKSCREWS OUT WITH HIS MACHINE GUNS FLAMING.



AH... I KNOCKED THAT BIRD OUT OF THE BATTLE!!

BUT THREE ENEMY FIGHTERS DIVE ON EVANS TO AVENGE THEIR COMRADE.



I'LL NEED SOME FANCY TRICKS TO GET OUT OF THIS JAM!

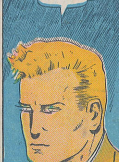
EAGLE TWISTS AND BANKS IN A MAD EFFORT TO DODGE THE ENEMY LEAD.



WHEW! THOSE SHOTS WERE CLOSE!

SUDDENLY.

BLACK STORM CLOUDS IN THE WEST... I'M HEADIN' OVER THERE!

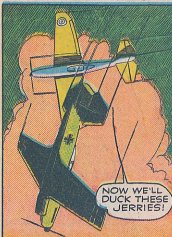


THE FIGHTERS DART AROUND EAGLE'S SHIP.



ACH HIMMEL!! HE GOT US!

GOT ONE MORE, SNAP!



NOW WE'LL DUCK THESE JERRIES!

EAGLE FLIES INTO THE THUNDERHEAD.



FOLLOW QUICK!! BEFORE DOT BRITISHER ESCAPES!

BUT EVANS GIVES THEM THE SLIP... THE WET CLOUDS WASH OFF THE WATER-COLORED INSIGNIA.



HEY, EAGLE! WE'RE OVER THE CHANNEL!

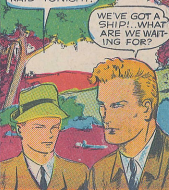
SURE, WE'LL LAND AT AN R.A.F. FIELD IN A MOMENT!

STANDING ON BRITISH SOIL A FEW MINUTES LATER...



THESE PAPERS YOU BROUGHT BACK REVEAL THE LOCATION OF ENEMY ARMS PLANTS... YOU'VE DONE A GREAT SERVICE FOR DEMOCRACY, EAGLE.

YUH KNOW, EAGLE... WE COULD GET A LOT OF SWELL PICTURES IF WE FOLLOWED AN R.A.F. SQUADRON ON A BOMBING RAID TONIGHT!



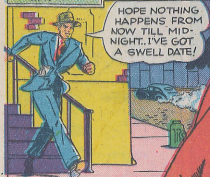
WE'VE GOT A SHIP!... WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

ONCE AGAIN  
THE DARING  
POLICE REPORTER,  
**CHIC  
CARTER**,  
BECOMES THE DEFENDER  
OF RIGHT IN THE  
GUISE OF ...

# THE SWORD

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

NIMBLY CHIC HOPS FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS AFTER A HECTIC DAY...



HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS FROM NOW TILL MID-NIGHT. I'VE GOT A SWELL DATE!

8 O'CLOCK FINDS CHIC WITH GAY NOLAN...



TOO MUCH WORK IS BAD, GAY. I HAVE TWO TICKETS FOR A CONCERT TONIGHT...SO..



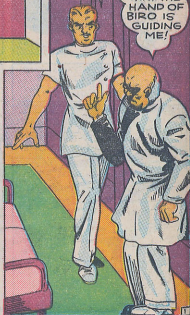
OH, CHIC, I'M GETTING A HEAD-ACHE... DARN IT!

WE PASS DAVE BLAIR'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL ON THE WAY. HELL FIX YOU UP!

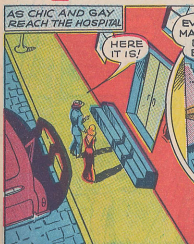
BUT A STRANGE DRAMA UNFOLDS AT THE HOSPITAL OF CHIC'S FRIEND...

DOCTOR GRIMES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE RECEPTION ROOM?

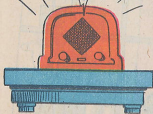
MY TESTS AREN'T SO GOOD... BUT I'LL WIN.. THE HAND OF BIRI IS GUIDING ME!







LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT THE PIANIST SIGMUND ARNO DISAPPEARED... TONIGHT'S CONCERT WILL BE POSTPONED!



WHAT TH? THEN THAT *IS* ARNO THEY HAVE HERE.. IT'S TIME *THE SWORD* ACTED!



PEELING OFF HIS CLOTHES, CHIC REVEALS THE FIGURE OF *THE SWORD*!

..AND FROM MY BELT I DRAW THE *SWORD OF JUSTICE*!



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT GAY OUT OF MY SIGHT! WHAT'S THAT?



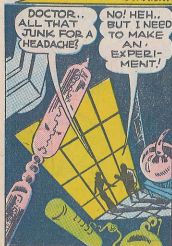
DR. GRIMES SAY YOU STOP!

BANG!

IN DOCTOR GRIMES' LABORATORY

DOCTOR.. ALL THAT JUNK FOR A HEADACHE?

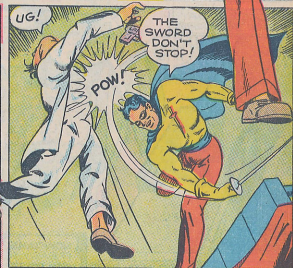
NO! HEH.. BUT I NEED TO MAKE AN EXPERIMENT!



UG!

THE *SWORD* DON'T STOP!

POW!



EXPERIMENT.. NO.. NOT ON ME YOU DON'T!

DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LAST SUBJECTS!



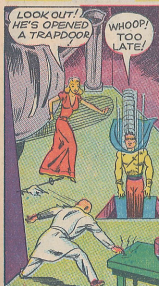
HELP! CHIC.. *THE SWORD*!

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF.. HERE IS MY CALLING CARD..

TORG! TORG!

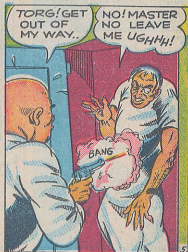
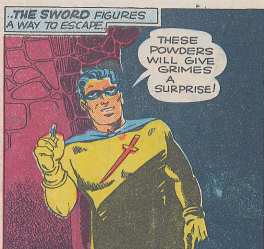




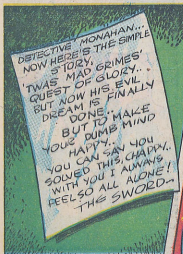


THE POLICE STREAK FOR THE MENTAL HOSPITAL..





THE SHOT SEEMS TO AWAKEN THE HUNCHBACK, HE TURNS ON DR. GRIMES..



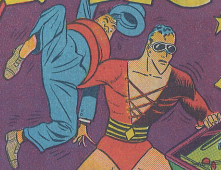


HEY GANG!  
LOOK!

# PLASTIC MAN

OH NO!  
PLASTIC  
MAN!

WOW!  
WHATT A  
MAN!



HE'S SURE  
BUSTIN'  
UP THE  
PIN-BALL  
RACKET!

## THE STORY BEHIND PLASTIC MAN:

AS **KEE O'BRIAN**,  
GANGSTER, I  
LIVE WITH THE  
UNDERWORLD  
RATS IN ORDER  
TO GET INSIDE  
INFORMATION ON  
THEIR EVIL  
ACTIVITIES!



THEN  
WITH A CHANGE OF  
CLOTHING  
AND A  
NEW  
FACE....



I GO INTO  
ACTION AS  
**PLASTIC MAN**,  
BRINGING THE  
EVILDOERS TO  
JUSTICE..



**KEE O'BRIAN** MEETS UP WITH  
AN OLD CRONY....

HALLO MINE  
CRON! HE'S  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU, NO?

WELL DUST  
ME OFF IT!  
**BALDY!**  
BUHWHACK!  
HOW'S THE  
PINBALL  
RACKET THESE  
DAYS ??



GEEVE A LOOK!  
TWO HUNNERT  
MACHINES ARE  
MAKING ME  
A FORTUNE!

SOME  
SET-UP!

MISSED  
IT!

OH NO,  
BABY!

HIT TH  
SIX!



BUT THE SCREWS  
ARE THEY GIVING  
YOU ANY  
TROUBLE??

NA! THE  
COPS I AM  
DRIVING 'R  
NUTS..

HIT  
IT!

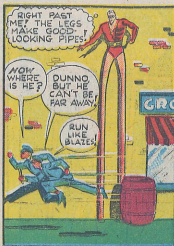
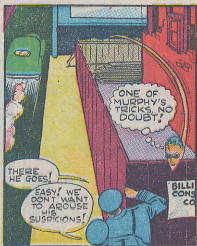
LOOKS  
LIKE A  
WINNER!

LO  
MAC!

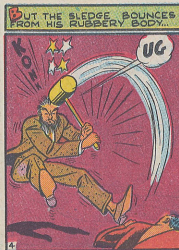
HI!











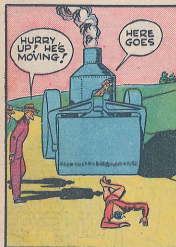
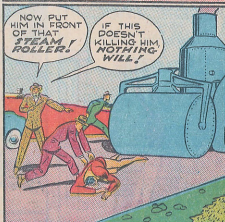
**AFTER A FEW MINUTES  
BALDY RECOVERS...**



**PLASTIC MAN IS  
CARRIED TO BALDY'S  
STEEDY CAR.**



**AT THE SCENE OF CONSTRUCTION,  
HE IS DRAGGED FROM THE CAR...**



**THE TERRIFIC IMPACT  
REVIVES PLASTIC MAN...**



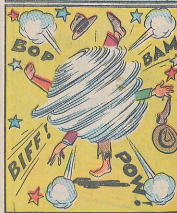
**ON AND ON COMES THE  
ROLLER UNTIL IT HAS  
PASSED OVER PLASTIC MAN**

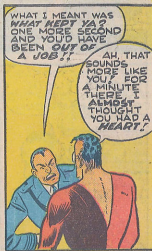


**BUT SUDDENLY,**



**THEN FOLLOWS A FREE-FOR-ALL  
SUCH AS BALDY AND HIS MEN  
HAVE NEVER SEEN...OR FELT**



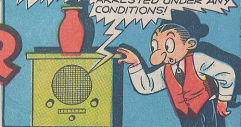




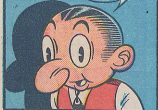
# SUPER SNOOPER

4 - GILL  
FOX

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS DECIDED TO CALL THIS DAY A CROOKS HONOR DAY...NO CRIMINALS WILL BE ARRESTED UNDER ANY CONDITIONS!



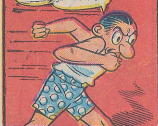
GOSH! THIS'LL BE A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO STUDY DIFFERENT METHODS OF CRIMINALS WHILE THEY WORK!



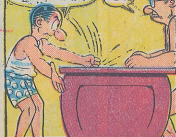
BOY! THESE NOTES ON CRIME'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE!



THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR.. I'M GONNA TELL TH' GOVERNOR T'STOP THIS CROOK'S HONOR DAY RIGHT AWAY!!



...AND ALL HE LEFT ME WAS MY UNDERWEAR..ITS GOTTA STOP, GOVERNOR!

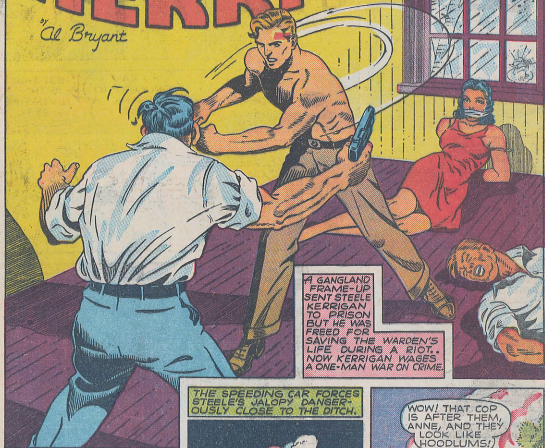


YOU SHOULD TALK! LOOK.. THEY DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE ME MY UNDERWEAR!



# Steele KERRIGAN

by Al Bryant

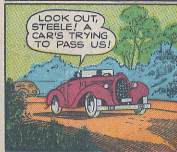


A GANGLAND FRAME-UP SENT STEELE KERRIGAN TO PRISON BUT HE WAS FREED FOR SAVING THE WARDEN'S LIFE DURING A RIOT.. NOW KERRIGAN WAGES A ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME.

THE SPEEDING CAR FORCES STEELE'S JALOPY DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE DITCH.

STEELE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, ANNE, ARE JOYRIDING ALONG A COUNTRY HIGHWAY. . .

LOOK OUT, STEELE! A CAR'S TRYING TO PASS US!



HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

STEP ON IT, GUS.. THAT COP.

I'LL FIX HIM!



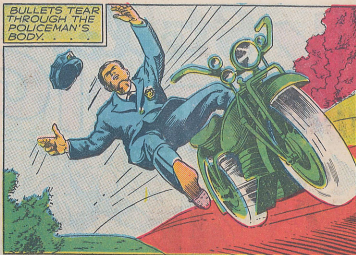
WOW! THAT COP IS AFTER THEM, ANNE, AND THEY LOOK LIKE HOODLUMS!



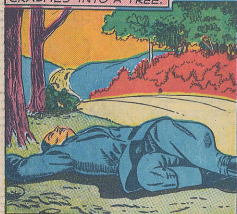
SMASHING THE REAR WINDOW, A CROOK OPENS FIRE.



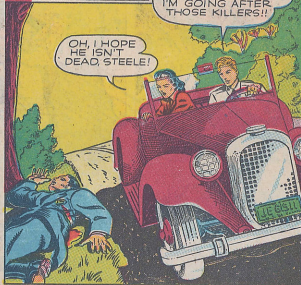
BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE POLICEMAN'S BODY.



THE LIMP FIGURE ROLLS TO THE ROADSIDE AS HIS MOTORCYCLE CRASHES INTO A TREE.



KERRIGAN BRAKES TO A SUDDEN STOP.



ANNE LEAPS OUT AS STEELE TAKES UP PURSUIT.



BUT STEELE TAKES UP THE CHASE AT RECKLESS SPEED.

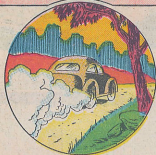




ANNE TURNS AS SHE HEARS  
A CAR DRAW UP ALONG-  
SIDE HER.



TOSSING ANNE INTO THEIR  
CAR, THEY SPEED AWAY..



STEELE RETURNS TO THE  
SPOT WHERE HE HAD LEFT  
ANNE WITH THE OFFICER.



WHAT'S WRONG, SISTER?

THIS OFFICER  
WAS KILLED  
BY THE CROOKS.  
HE WAS CHASING.  
THEY WENT NORTH!



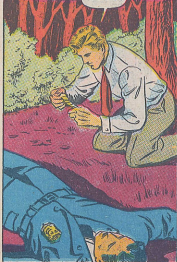
FURIOUSLY ANNE FIGHTS BACK

A SCRAPPER,  
EH?



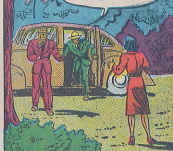
HIS KEEN BRAIN WORKS ON  
A CLUE.

THIS ROPE WAS DROPPED  
IN THE BLOOD BY SOME-  
ONE WHO JUST LEFT HERE.  
IT'S FRAYED AND BLEACHED  
TOO..



WE GOTTA  
GRAB THIS  
DAME, JAKE!

YEAH..  
CAN'T LEAVE  
HER TO SQUAWK  
TO THE COPS!



BUT QUICKLY SHE IS OVER-  
POWERED.

OKAY, JAKE..  
THIS ROPE  
WILL KEEP  
HER QUIET.

WE BETTER  
TAKE HER  
TO THE  
BOSS, LOU.



IT COULD BE FROM A  
BOAT. YES, ON LAKE  
CRYSTAL, NEAR HERE.  
I'LL BET ANNE WAS  
CAPTURED  
AND TAKEN  
TO A HIDE-  
OUT THERE!



RACING TO THE WOODED LAKE, KERRIGAN PARKS IN A HIDDEN LANE . . .



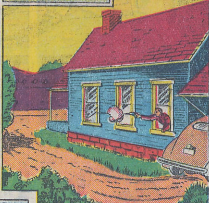
KERRIGAN PLUNGES THROUGH AN ALDER THICKET TO THE LAKE SHORE.



ALL THE CAMPS ARE VACANT BUT SMOKE'S COMING FROM THAT CHIMNEY AND THERE'S.. HEY! IT IS THEIR CAR!



BUT A THUG HAS SPIED KERRIGAN. SHOTS CRACK FROM HIS GUN.



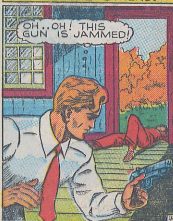
IN A RUNNING CROUCH KERRIGAN SPRINGS FOR THE DOOR.



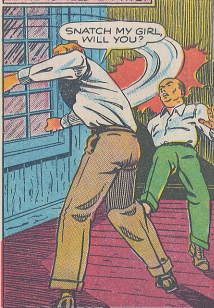
HE SMASHES THROUGH AN UNWARY GUARD.



SCOOPING UP THE THUG'S GUN KERRIGAN LEAPS TOWARD THE OTHERS.



NOTHING CAN STOP KERRIGAN'S MAD CHARGE WHEN HE SEES ANNE IS HELD CAPTIVE.



YOU HAD ENOUGH? THEN YOU'D BETTER TALK FAST WHILE I RELEASE YOUR CAPTIVE!



I HOPE YOU CRACKED THAT THUG'S JAW, STEELE. HE WAS GOING TO DROWN ME!

THESE CROOKS MUST'VE PULLED A BIG JOB, ANNE.



HIS SHARP AIM SCORES TWO HITS.



GREAT WORK, STEELE! I'M KEEPING THE BOSS HERE COVERED. LOOK! HERE'S THE POUCH OF MONEY THEY STOLE FROM A MAIL TRUCK!



STEELE GRABS THE LEADER'S GUN AND FIRES...



SUDDENLY TWO STATE COPS DARKEN THE DOORWAY.



BUT STEELE EXPLAINS.

SURE, I BEAT UP THE WHOLE MOB WITH MY FISTS AND THEIR OWN GUNS. I TRAILED THEM AFTER THEY MACHINE-GUNNED YOUR BUDDY!

HE SURE DID!



YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, KERRIGAN... THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT WILL PAY YOU THE FIVE THOUSAND REWARD FOR THESE MUGS!





# THE MOUTHPIECE

**W**HEN CRIME'S HOARY FIGURE FLAUNTS THE VERY AUTHORITY OF YOUNG BILL PERKINS' DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, HE GOES FORTH TO BATTLE IT... IN THE DISGUISE OF THE FEARED MOUTHPIECE!

IN STATE PENITENTIARY, NOT FAR FROM BILL'S OFFICE, CONVICT FATSO DOWD, A LIFER, ATTACKS A PRISON GUARD!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, FATSO!

BY FRED GUARDINIER



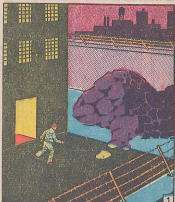
AS THE GUARD'S CLUTCHING FINGERS DIG INTO HIS NECK, FATSO BRINGS HIS PISTOL DOWN HARD!

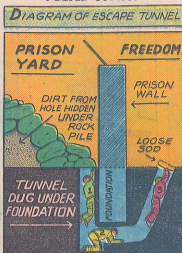


THAT FINISHES HIM - NOW TO GET AWAY!

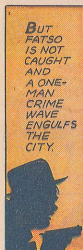


STEALING OUT INTO THE PRISON YARD FATSO HEADS FOR THE ROCK PILE.





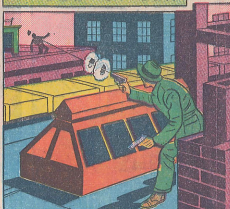
NEXT DAY HEADLINES BLARE THE NEWS OF THE BREAK.



PEACEFUL CITIZENS ARE SLUGGED AND ROBBED...



AND FATSO'S BLAZING GUNS'SP EW DEATH AT THE POLICE WHO VAINLY TRY TO END HIS CAREER!



AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.



WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP OVER THIS WEEK-END! MEANWHILE YOU BOYS KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



SOON BILL PERKINS IS SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY THAT LEADS INTO THE NORTH WOODS.



**AFTER A LONG RIDE BILL DRAWS UP TO A LOVELY HOUSE AS NIGHT FALLS.**

SEE IF I CAN GET ANY INFORMATION HERE.



I'LL GO IN AS THE MOUTHPIECE - THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE ME!



THE DOOR IS OPENED BY A BEARDED FARMER.

THE MOUTHPIECE! I-I'VE HEARD OF YOU!



WELL-HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND HERE?



NAW! NUTHIN' EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE!



WHILE LIGHTING A CIGARETTE THE MOUTHPIECE SHOVS HIS LIGHTER UNDER THE FARMER'S WHISKERS!

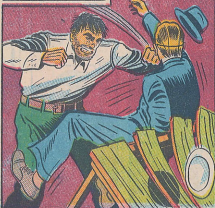
HEY-WHAT YOU DOIN'?



PULLING OFF HIS BURNING WHISKERS THE MAN REVEALS HIMSELF AS FATSO DOWD!



BUT FAST AS A STRIKING SNAKE HE LASHES OUT WITH A TERRIFIC HAYMAKER...



REELING BACKWARD THE MOUTHPIECE CRASHES HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!

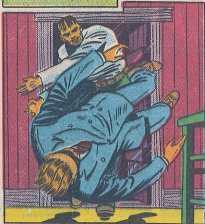




**FATSO PICKS UP HIS LIMP OPPONENT..**



**AND TOSSES HIM INTO A HEAVILY BARRED ROOM!**



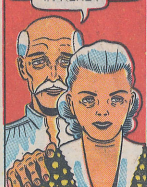
THANKS FOR YOUR CAR, MOUTHPIECE / I'M GOING TO TOWN AND WHEN I GET BACK I'LL MAKE CROW MEAT OUT OF YOU!



**IN A FEW SECONDS THE MOUTHPIECE COMES TO IN THE CARE OF AN ELDERLY COUPLE!**



WE ARE DAN AND SARAH WAGNER FATSO TOOK OUR HOME FOR A HIDEOUT AND KEEPS US LOCKED IN HERE!



**THE MOUTHPIECE, AIDED BY DAN KNOCKS A HOLE IN THE ROOF.**



NOW I'LL UNLOCK THE DOOR AND LET DAN OUT - WONDER IF HE HAS A COUPLE AXES?



C'MON - IF WE WORK FAST WE'LL PUT FATSO OUT OF BUSINESS!



**AXES IN HAND THE MOUTH-PIECE AND DAN RACE DOWN THE ROAD!**



**CHOPPING FAST THEY SOON DROP A LARGE TREE ACROSS THE ROAD.**

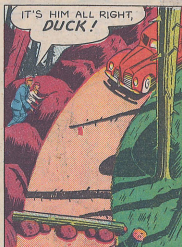


**WE'LL LEAVE IT ACROSS LIKE THIS!**

**I-I HEAR A CAR COMING!**



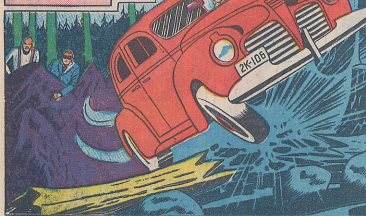
**ALONG THE NARROW ROAD SPEEDS FATSO IN A STOLEN CAR!**



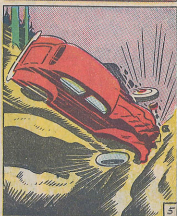
**AS HE ROUNDS THE CURVE FATSO SEES THE LOG!**



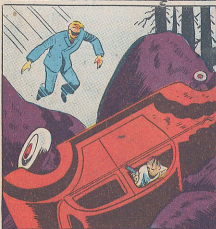
**RACING TOO FAST TO STOP OR TURN, THE CAR SMASHES INTO THE LOG...**



**AND CRASHES OFF ONTO THE ROCKS!**



**THE MOUTHPIECE CHARGES DOWN.**



**BLOODY BUT STILL DESPERATE, FATSO RISES FROM THE WRECKAGE WITH GUN BLAZING!**



**BUT IN A FLYING LEAP THE MOUTHPIECE KNOCKS ASIDE THE AUTOMATIC.**



**AND KNOCKS HIM OUT WITH AN UPPERCUT TO THE JAW!**



**TAKE THAT, ME BUCKO!**

**WELL - WE GOT HIM, BUT THIS CAR'S A WRECK.**



**BACK AT THE HOUSE FATSO IS SECURELY TIED UP.**



**YOU'RE THE ONLY MUG WHO COULD GET ME, MOUTHPIECE!**

**SO LONG, DAN - KEEP GUARD ON THAT GUY TIL THE COPS COME!**

**SURE THING, MR - ER - MOUTHPIECE, AND THANKS!**



**NEXT DAY, BACK IN HIS OFFICE, BILL PERKINS IS ONCE AGAIN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.**

**HELLO, O'FLARITY, WHAT'S NEW?**



**I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE OVER THE WEEK-END, D.A., BUT THE MOUTHPIECE AND A FARMER CAUGHT FATSO DOWD!**

**THE MOUTHPIECE AGAIN! HE MUST NEVER SLEEP! COME TO THINK OF IT, I FEEL KIND OF TIRED MYSELF RIGHT NOW, SERGEANT!**







You probably never heard of Nauru Island, I wish I never had! Because my visit there cost me the friendship of a fine man—James Lee Chong, Chinese trader and humanitarian extraordinary. Chong was a pearl trader.

However, my sojourn on Nauru wasn't a total washout. I met Dick Mace. Chances are you've heard of Mace, one of the smartest detectives extant. And a mighty charming lad on top of that.

"I'm down here gathering up material for a novel," I said. "Don't know why I picked Nauru. In fact, I didn't but the schooner stopped here en route to the Marshalls . . . and the place looked inviting."

Dick smiled. "Charming island. What do you write, Mr. Gregory?"

"Detective stuff. Had some fair success with a few books . . . maybe because I try for outlandish plots."

Dick nodded. "Detective stuff's my line, too, but I don't write it; I try to grab the crooks. I'm after a gang right now . . . Say, maybe I can throw a good plot your way!"

"Great! May I ask . . ."

"Pearl thieves," Mace supplied. "The cleverest gang that ever operated in the South Seas. Evaded capture for five years . . . I've run 'em down to this general region."

The great Dick Mace . . . pearl thieves . . . South Seas adventure . . . I was all ears! I said, "You expecting 'em to drop in?"

"I'm pretty certain about it. Soon as Angus Halliday sells his pearls to old Chong, I figure they'll make a try for the old Chinese."

Halliday, Mace told me, was a pearly who sold his collection once a year to Chong, because Chong paid the best price in the islands. Usually Halliday left Nauru with anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand dollars in his pockets.

"These chaps will strike right after Angus leaves," Mace said. "Naturally, the pearls are worth twice what Chong pays."

Mace and I took a dip off Chong's pier just before sunset, dressed in fresh whites and sat down to an excellent dinner. We were having iced coffee on the verandah when it happened.

(A native screamed somewhere near the hotel, and a moment later he was sprinting for the verandah, an arrow sticking out of his neck.)

"Bangus!" gasped the dying man. "Many war canoes . . . other side island . . . tell Massa Chong!"

He died then. I ran inside the hotel, to Chong's private office, but Chong was not there. When I returned to the verandah, with an old Mauser rifle of Chong's in my hand. Dick stood, with an automatic ready.

"Seems like it's an attack by Gilbert Islanders," he explained. "They're natural enemies, but this hasn't happened in a half century."

One of the nearby natives spoke up: "They come kill us. If Massa Chong here he could fix . . . chase 'em off!"

I told him that Chong was gone. The native scratched his woolly head. "That bad . . . mebbe so we have t' fight Bangus!"

A score of huge blacks came toward the hotel. A few had rifles; the others carried spears and long bows. They were painted up like a pack of Indians on the war path.

The newcomers halted fifty yards from the verandah. Their leader stepped forward, with hand raised.

"Where Chong?" he demanded. "Tell him come out!"

"Chong not here," Dick replied. "What for you want Chong?"

The big chap growled something, and the next instant a spear thudded into the wooden verandah. Then with blood-curdling yells they were upon us. I squeezed the trigger of that ancient rifle and it bellowed. A native tumbled in a heap. Dick's pistol was chattering a vicious song, and other natives sprawled in the mud.

Then the Nauruos attacked, and the battle really got going.



The fight straggled toward the beach.

"What do you suppose they want with Chong?" I asked. "And I wonder where the old fox is hiding?"

"Good evening, gentleman!"

I nearly collapsed. Chong had stepped out of a clump of ginger bush. He was grinning.

"I trust this hasn't upset you too much," went on the imperturbable Oriental. "But I was rather expecting these — ah — visitors! That's why I departed so unceremoniously."

"Expecting 'em! What do you mean?" Dick cried.

For answer, Chong led us back to the flat compound in front of the hotel. It had rained that morning and the yard was somewhat muddy. The Bangus' tracks were everywhere, revealed under the beam of Chong's flashlight. He

pointed out some tracks made by shoes.

"Bangus never wear shoes," he said. "Small feet—white man's feet!"

"You mean," cried Dick, "that white men are behind this raid? Who? What for?"

"I'm sure of it," said Chong, answering Dick's first question. "For the last three years, thieves have tried to rob me just after Mr. Halliday has called . . ."

"Oh, then he's been here already?" Dick interrupted. "You didn't tell me."

"Slipped my mind," Chong said. "Who are they? That I don't know. They are different each year, and always they use different tactics. For instance, last year a cruiser came into port and threatened to shell the hotel if I didn't hand over the pearls everyone knows I have. The year before, a plane flew over and with some kind of extra-loud radio device warned me that they would bomb me unless I handed over the pearls . . . somehow I've managed to hang on to them."

A week passed. We had concluded that the thieves, having muffed their chance to rob Chong, had given it up until perhaps the next year. Peace had settled once more over the island of Nauru.

One day a trim yacht glided into the bay and dropped anchor a hundred yards off. A small boat put off. It was rowed by two sailors. A big man in whites sat in the stern. A few minutes later the big man was striding across the verandah, where Dick and I sat. When he had gone into the combination lobby and grocery store, Dick whispered, "Did you see his feet? Very small!"

"Point one," I said. "But I didn't notice . . . Listen!"

We could hear the big man ask if Chong had any pearls to sell. Chong's reply was too soft to hear, but we heard his careful shuffle as he stepped into his office. A moment later he was back, spreading a tanned goatskin on the counter, on which were spread, I knew, many fine pearls.

We went inside just as the big

man was peeling off a sheaf of greenbacks in payment of a beautiful pearl.

"My wife will go crazy about this one," he said, in a modulated Oxford accent. "May bring her ashore and let her look at those two matched ones you have."

Chong smiled, bowing, as the man pocketed his treasure and started out. Then he whirled, and a heavy automatic was in his hand.

"Not a move!" he hissed. "Mickey! . . . Pudgel!" he shouted. Then he snarled at Chong, "Get the others, old chap! Quick! You haven't a chance to stop this. My men are all around your store . . ."



they landed yesterday, on the other side of the island."

Chong bowed again and shuffled into the office. I followed him, backing, to the door. (Suddenly Dick's gun flashed out, roared,) and the man dropped the automatic with a howl of pain and clutched his shattered hand. I dived into Chong's office. He thrust a chamois bag into my hands.

"Hide, quick!" he whispered. More shots roared outside. I ran to the verandah. A half dozen natives were covering four sailors from the yacht. Out in the bay, however, two boatloads of sailors were rowing furiously toward shore.

"More coming!" I cried, and dashed back into Chong's office.

He was not there. I ran into the grocery section of the lobby. I knew that the natives couldn't hold off a gang of armed sailors. I dropped the bag of pearls into a big barrel that sat on the floor.

But I hadn't foreseen what was to come. Fully fifty armed natives marched out on the beach and covered the approaching sailors with rifles. The sailors, seeing they were outnumbered, rowed back to the yacht. The big man and his four henchmen were under heavy guard.

"Well, that's that!" chuckled Dick. "I figured this was coming, so I had a bunch of the boys hidden all around here for several days. Looks like it worked!"

Chong made his appearance then, smiling blandly. He held out his hand. "I shall reward you well for keeping my pearls," he said. I pointed to the huge barrel. "In there."

Chong choked, ran to the barrel and plunged his hand down inside. He pulled out the chamois pouch, tore it open and groaned. The pearls were a glutinous mass—melted!

"Fool! Fool!" cried Chong. "That was a pickle barrel!"

"Vinegar," said Dick. "Vinegar melts pearls!"

I felt like a prime donkey. I tried to make apologies. Chong only glared.

"Fool! Writers fools. Mister Mace wise man. He foresaw this and had men planted, waiting for the robbers. But you—" Chong spat. Then his face eased up a bit.

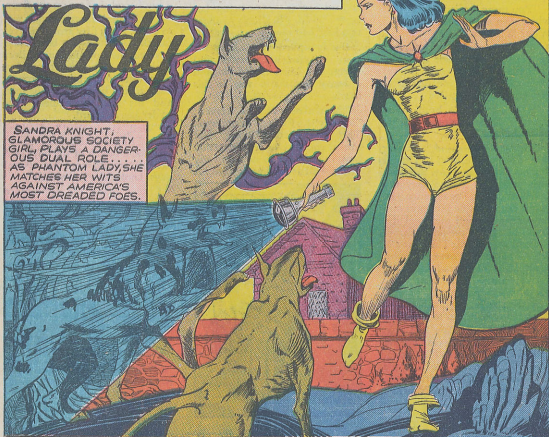
"Thank my beloved ancestors, they were not all of my pearls—only about fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I still have fifty-sixty thousand dollars' worth hidden!"

I left Nauru soon after that. Chong liked Dick, who was "wise man." But me . . . no, I lost a friend in old Chong. And that's why I wish I had never seen Nauru.

ANOTHER DICK MACE ADVENTURE  
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF  
**POLICE COMICS**  
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 10TH

# Phantom

by Arthur Peddy



SANDRA KNIGHT, GLAMOROUS SOCIETY GIRL, PLAYS A DANGEROUS DUAL ROLE... AS PHANTOM LADY, SHE MATCHES HER WITS AGAINST AMERICA'S MOST DREADED FOES.

LATE AT NIGHT, SANDRA AND DON BORDEN RETURN THROUGH THE PARK FROM A DEFENSE COMMITTEE MEETING.



WAS MY SPEECH O.K., SANDRA?

IT WAS FINE, DON!

SUDDENLY, A GRIM-FACED PAIR SPRINGS FROM THE BUSHES.



GET THEM HANDS UP!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL PLUG YA!



THIS'LL TAKE CARE O' YOU, TOOTS!



THE VICIOUS BLOW KNOCKS SANDRA UNCONSCIOUS...



DON BORDEN IS FORCED DOWN A MURKY BRIDLE PATH.

MAKE IT SNAPPY, LUG. GET IN THE CAR!

NO TRICKS! WE'VE GOT YA COVERED!



BUT DON WHIRLS ABOUT SUDDENLY.



AND LASHES INTO HIS CAPTORS.

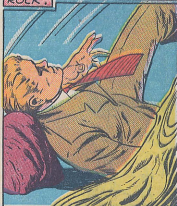


WISE GUY, HUH?

SEE IF YA KIN MATCH ALL OF US!



WITH BOTH THUGS LEAPING UPON HIM, DON FALLS, STRIKING HIS HEAD ON A ROCK.



SANDRA RISES, DIZZILY AS THE CUTTHROATS SPEED AWAY.



DON'S IN THAT CAR!

WEAKLY, SHE REACHES THE LAST SPOT WHERE DON FELL...



BLOOD! THEY SHOT HIM!

SHE PICKS UP A SMALL OBJECT FROM THE GRAVEL.



A KEYRING! I'LL HANG ONTO THIS!

QUICKLY SHE HAILS A PASSING CAB.

ONE BARCLAY BOULEVARD, DRIVER, AND FAST!

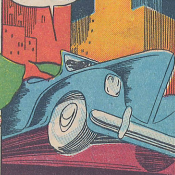


A FEW SECONDS LATER SANDRA SLIPS FROM HER HOME... AS THE PHANTOM LADY.



SHE LEAPS TO THE WHEEL OF HER SLEEK CAR.

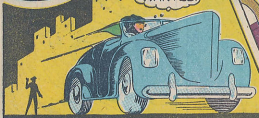
I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS?



AS SHE TURNS THE CORNER, A POLICEMAN BLASTS HIS WHISTLE.

CAN'T STOP NOW, MISTER?

WONDER WHAT HE WANTED?

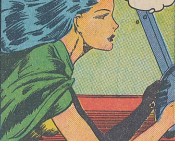


SHE DIALS THE RADIO AND...

ALL POLICE REQUESTED TO LOOK OUT FOR THE PHANTOM LADY. WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING DONALD BORDEN OF THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT.



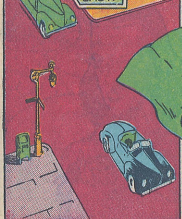
HMM... CLEVER... THE KIDNAPERS GUESSED THAT PHANTOM LADY IS DON'S FRIEND AND WOULD COME AFTER HIM... THEY DON'T WANT ME TO INTERFERE SO THEY TRICKED THE COPS INTO NABbing ME.



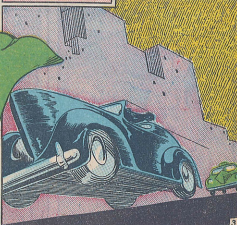
SUDDENLY A POLICE SIREN WAITS AFTER PHANTOM LADY.

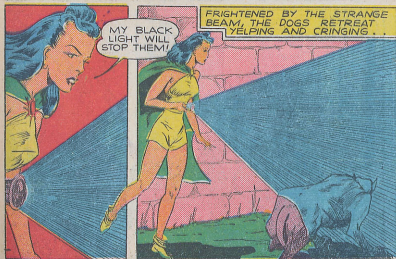
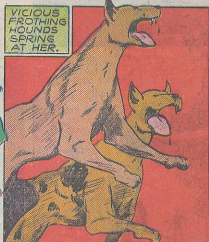


I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE TOO?



AT TOP SPEED, SHE CAREENS AROUND CORNERS TRYING TO SHAKE OFF HER PURSUERS.







WITH THE FIRST BLAZE OF GUN-FIRE PHANTOM LADY WHIRLS, FLASHING HER LIGHT IN THE GUN'S RANGE.



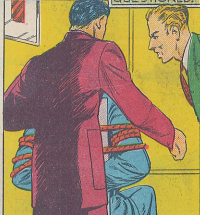
HUH??  
WHAT?  
I CAN'T  
SEE!

WHILE THE MAN IS CONFUSED, SHE TRIES THE HOUSE DOOR.



LUCKY I  
KEPT THAT  
RING OF  
KEYS!!

INSIDE, SHE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF ANGRY VOICES TO A ROOM WHERE DON IS BEING QUESTIONED.



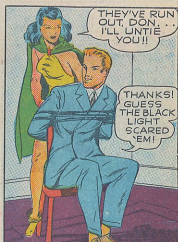
C'MON,  
TALK!  
OR...

WHAT DIPLOMATIC  
CODE IS THE  
STATE DEPART-  
MENT USING  
NEXT WEEK?



THAT IS  
NONE OF  
YOUR  
BUSINESS!

UH, OH! WE  
GOTTA GET  
OUTTA  
HERE!!

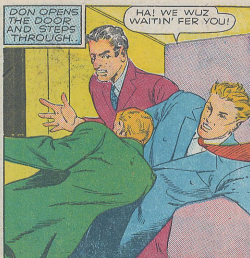


THEY'VE RUN  
OUT, DON. ...  
I'LL UNTIE  
YOU!!

THANKS!  
GUESS  
THE BLACK  
LIGHT  
SCARED 'EM!



I'VE GOT TO  
REPORT THIS  
SPY NEST TO  
THE F.B.I.  
COME ON!



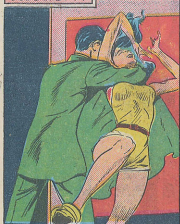
DON OPENS  
THE DOOR  
AND STEPS  
THROUGH.

HA! WE WUZ  
WAITIN' FER YOU!

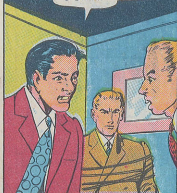


AN' YOU SISTER,  
CAN GET  
ALONG  
BETTER  
WITHOUT  
THIS  
LIGHT!

IN THE DARKNESS, PHANTOM LADY AND DON ARE EASILY SUBDUED.



KEEP THOSE TWO COLD UNTIL WE GET AWAY... THEN BURN THE JOINT DOWN!



AT THIS POINT PHANTOM LADY COMES TO.

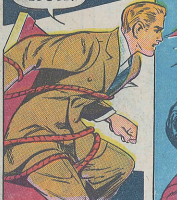
BURN THE PLACE DOWN?? THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!



SNATCHING HER FLASHLIGHT FROM THE FLOOR, SHE TURNS IT FULL FORCE ON THE PLOTTERS.



GOOD WORK! I'LL BREAK LOOSE!!



BEFORE THE SPIES KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING DON IS PASTING SOLID RIGHTS TO THEIR JAWS.



THEY'RE ALL OUT... ER... WHERE'S THE GIRL?



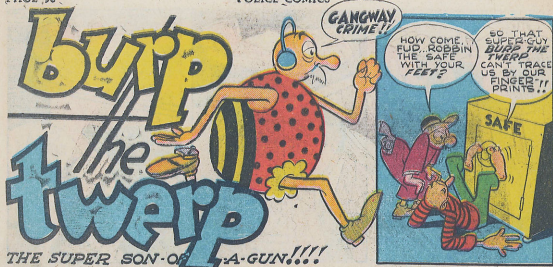
SUDDENLY THE POLICE BURST IN...

HI, BUD! SOME DAME CALLED AN' GAVE US A TIP TO RAID THIS PLACE!



SOME DAME?... HMM... S-A-A-Y... THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE! AND SHE'S SOME DAME!!





MEANWHILE, OUR HERO IS ON THE ALERT

AN HA! ON NO! AND BACK TO AN HA! MY SUPER SENSITIVE SNUOT SMELLS FOUL DOINGS DOWN! FODUNK WYAY!



ONE BILLIONTH OF A SECOND LATER

TOO LATE! THEY'VE VANISHED WITH THE LOOT!

ALL THEY LEFT IS THIS LONELY BUCK.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, YOU'RE THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE ROBBERY! WHO DONE IT?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, FUD AN DUD DONE IT! THEY WENT THAT WAY!



THANKS, PAL!

DON'T MENTION IT!!



THERE THEY ARE! BEING A SUPER VENTRILOQUIST I WILL NO DOUBT PROCEED TO THROW MY VOICE!



AND BY GOSH, HE DOES! HE THROWS HIS VOICE RIGHT AT THEM!



CAUGHT! HERE, SWALLOW THESE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS AND NEEDLES!!



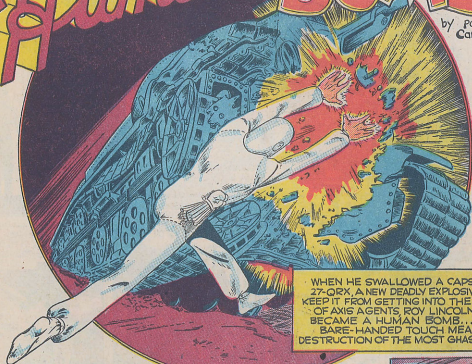
AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!





# The Human BOMB

by Paul Carrol



WHEN HE SWALLOWED A CAPSULE OF 27-QRX, A NEW DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, TO KEEP IT FROM GETTING INTO THE HANDS OF AXIS AGENTS, ROY LINCOLN BECAME A HUMAN BOMB... HIS BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION OF THE MOST GHASTLY KIND.

AT THE HOME OF HIS FIANCEE, JEAN CALDWELL, ROY LINCOLN RECEIVES A MESSAGE..

HOLY SMOKES.. THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO SEE ME AT THE WHITE HOUSE!

MAYBE YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR FINDING THAT NAZI U-BOAT BASE LAST MONTH!

WHO WANTS A MEDAL! ANYWAY.. I HAVE A DATE WITH YOU!

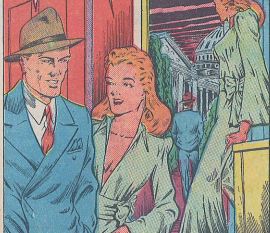
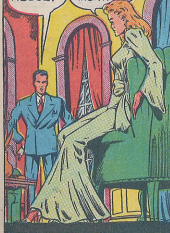
YOU CAN PLAY ROMEO TOMORROW EVENING!

OKAY, OKAY! THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST THE WAY YOU RUSH ME AROUND!

GOOD-NIGHT, PICKLE-PUSS !!

I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!

I'LL BET A NEW HAT YOU WON'T.. I KNOW YOU BETTER!



A SHORT TIME LATER,  
NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE,  
ROY LINCOLN SEES A  
STRANGE FORMATION  
UP ONE OF THE SIDE STREETS

A PURPLE MIST??  
I WONDER...

OH, IT'S PROBABLY  
STEAM OR SOMETHING  
WITH A PURPLE LIGHT  
ON IT! WELL, I'D  
BETTER HURRY OR  
I'LL BE BUYING  
JEAN A  
NEW  
HAT!

UPON REACHING THE  
WHITE HOUSE...

ER.. I'M ROY  
LINCOLN!

THE PRESIDENT  
IS WAITING  
TO SEE  
YOU...

"MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT  
HE LOOKS AS IF HE SHOULD  
BE IN BED BY NOW!"

THIS  
WAY,  
SIR!

GOOD EVENING,  
MR. PRESIDENT!

GLAD YOU  
CAME ROY!  
I'VE A FEW THINGS  
I WANT TO TALK  
OVER WITH YOU!

THAT  
PAGE  
BOY...

HIM?  
HE'S VERY  
INTELLIGENT!  
IN FACT, WE'LL  
ABOVE AVERAGE  
!!

TO START WITH, I'D  
LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU  
WOULD ACCEPT THE  
POSITION AS HEAD OF  
A NEW CHEMICAL  
LABORATORY HERE IN  
WASHINGTON? I KNOW  
YOU'RE YOUNG, BUT  
YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE  
NO ONE ELSE CAN  
COMPETE WITH!

BUT ROY DOESN'T  
ANSWER... HIS EYES ARE  
FIXED ON THE PRESIDENT'S  
DESK...

ON A STRANGE  
LETTER...

A WARNING  
THE PURPLE  
MIST WILL SPELL  
YOUR DOOM AS WELL  
AS YOUR COUNTRY'S  
AT MIDNIGHT.

JUMPING  
CATFISH...

WOW  
SNAP!

ROY LINCOLN RECALLS THE  
SCENE IN THE SIDE STREET.  
THE STRANGE PURPLE FOG!

I'D BETTER  
MAKE SURE!

WHAT'S  
GOTTEN INTO  
HIM??

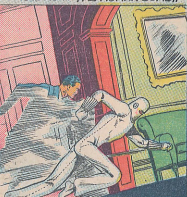
AS ROY RUSHES OUT OF  
THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY...

OOOPS! PARDON  
ME, SON!

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! YOU DROPPED THESE PURPLE GLASSES TOO!



HAVING HELPED THE PAGE BOY TO HIS FEET, ROY CONTINUES TO THE FRONT DOOR... TAKING TIME TO CHANGE TO HIS FABULOUS AND DYNAMIC ROLE AS... THE HUMAN BOMB!!

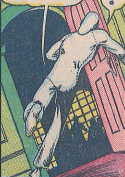


HOLY CATS... IT'S HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET THE PRESIDENT OUT OF THIS PLACE... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THIS WILL COME TO!



AS ROY RETURNS TO THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY..

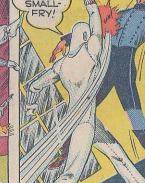
YOU WERE WARNED OF THE PURPLE MIST, MR. PRESIDENT! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



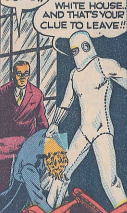
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I HAD A FEELING YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS WHEN YOU DROPPED YOUR PURPLE GLASSES!



TAKE A REST, SMALL-FRY!

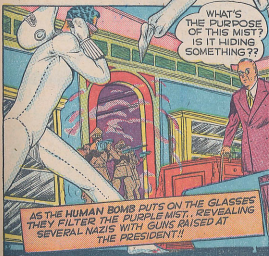
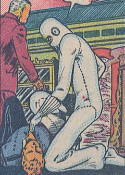


THE HUMAN BOMB!!



YES! THE PURPLE MIST IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE... AND THAT'S YOUR CLUE TO LEAVE!!

IT'S COMING! ALREADY? IN HERE!! SAY... I WONDER WHAT THESE PURPLE GLASSES HAVE TO DO WITH THIS?



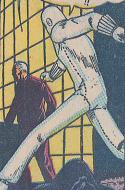
WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THIS MIST? IS IT HIDING SOMETHING??

VA!



WHAT WAS THAT??

NAZIS! THAT MIST IS FULL OF THEM! CALL FOR YOUR CAR... YOU'RE LEAVING



AS THE HUMAN BOMB PUTS ON THE GLASSES THEY FILTER THE PURPLE MIST, REVEALING SEVERAL NAZIS WITH GUNS RAISED AT THE PRESIDENT!!

IN A FLASH, HE HURLS A CHAIR AT THE WOULD-BE ASSASSINS



LEAVE?? MY DUTY IS TO STAY  
HERE...WITH MY  
GOVERNMENT!

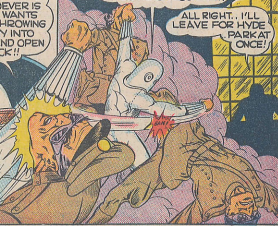


YOUR DUTY IS TO STAY  
ALIVE AT TIMES LIKE  
THESE! WHOEVER IS  
BEHIND THIS, WANTS  
YOU KILLED, THROWING  
THE COUNTRY INTO  
CONFUSION AND OPEN  
FOR ATTACK!!



HURRY.. I'LL HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL  
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!

ALL RIGHT.. I'LL  
LEAVE FOR HYDE  
PARK AT  
ONCE!

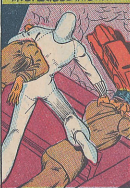


IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...

THERE GOES THE MOTOR  
OF THE PRESIDENT'S  
CAR.. HE'S ON HIS WAY!!



BUT, AS THE HUMAN  
BOMB LOOKS OFF THE  
BALCONY... HE SEES THAT  
THE PRESIDENT'S CAR  
IS ENCIRCLED BY THE  
"MYSTERIOUS MIST"...



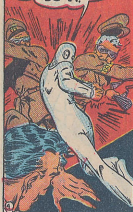
...AND, THROUGH THE PURPLE,  
GLASSES SEES THAT THE MIST  
CONGEALS A MOTORIZED UNIT..



HOLY SMOKES!  
GIMME THOSE  
GLASSES YOU'RE  
WEARING!!



I SEE YOU GUYS MEAN  
BUSINESS... WELL,  
FROM NOW ON, SO  
DO I!!



THE HUMAN BOMB'S  
DEADLY BARE FIST  
STRIKES OUT, AND THE  
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE  
IS SHATTERED BY A  
DEAFENING EXPLOSION..



THAT'S THE  
END OF THOSE  
RATS!!



MR PRESIDENT, I  
CAN'T SEE TO  
DRIVE THROUGH  
THAT MIST!  
WE'RE TRAPPED



NOT YET.. PUT  
ON THESE  
GLASSES.  
THEY'LL FILTER  
THIS PURPLE  
MIST!!



AS THE CHAUFFEUR PUTS ON THE PURPLE GLASSES...

MR. PRESIDENT... THE MIST CONCEALS A WHOLE ARMORED UNIT!!



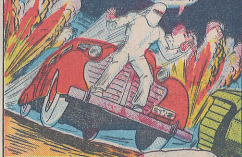
OKAY, BUD. OPEN HER UP AND FORGET ABOUT WHAT'S IN YOUR WAY!

W. WHAT...?? ALL RIGHT!!!

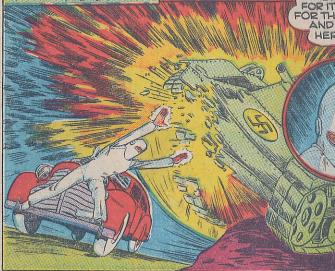


AS THE POWERFUL CAR ROARS OFF INTO THE PURPLE MIST, GUNS HIDDEN TO THE NAKED EYE INSTANTLY TURN ON.....

IT'S A GOOD THING THIS BUGGY IS BULLET-PROOF!!



BUT... WHEN A MONSTROUS TANK CROSSES THE PATH OF THE FLEEING CAR... THE HUMAN BOMB STRIKES...



THEY ASKED FOR IT! HEAD FOR THE HIGHWAY AND OPEN HER UP!!

...AND THE MOTORIZED UNIT TURNS TO BLOCK ITS WAY....



OH, OH!!

TIME AND AGAIN THE PRESIDENT'S CAR IS BLOCKED AND ATTACKED. ONLY TO BE SAFELY CONVOYED THROUGH BY THE STRANGE POWERS OF THE HUMAN BOMB

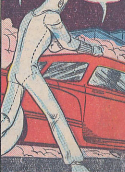


NEARING THE OUTSKIRTS OF WASHINGTON, THE LIMOUSINE STREAKS OUT OF THE MIST ENGULFING THE CITY...



GO BY WAY OF FORT DIX AND SEND THE BOYS DOWN, I MAY NEED A LITTLE HELP IN MOPPING UP!!

GULP? OKAY!!

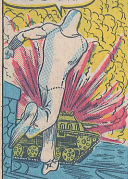


WITH THE PRESIDENT SAFELY ON HIS WAY, THE HUMAN BOMB STREAKS BACK TO WASHINGTON...



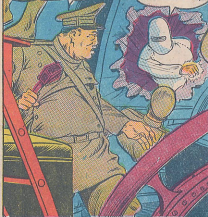
SOME TIME LATER...

WHAT TH'?? SO THAT'S  
WHERE IT'S COMING  
FROM! WELL... I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF  
THIS BABY!!

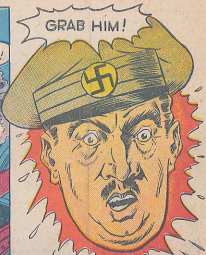


UNIT 14 REPORTS PRESIDENT'S  
ESCAPE... PURSUE AT ONCE...  
UNITS 11... 4... 35...  
HEY! VAT 155??

HI'YA  
BIG SHOT!



GRAB HIM!



BUT, AS THE CREW  
OF THE TANK LEAP  
AT THE HUMAN BOMB...



...AND WHEN THE MIST  
AROUND THE TANK  
CLEARS...

HELP!  
HELP...  
I'M  
CAUGHT!

RADIO'S STILL  
ALL RIGHT! OKAY  
BUD... I'LL GET  
YOU OUT!!



PRETTY  
TRICKY  
EH??

D...DON'T  
TOUCH  
ME!!



SURE... IF YOU DO AS  
I SAY... CALL OFF YOUR  
RATS OR  
I'LL GRAB  
YOUR  
NECK!!

Y... YOU  
WOULD BLOW  
MY HEAD  
OFF!!  
Y... YES!!  
YES!!!



UNITS... RE... REPORT  
BACK AT BASE AT  
ONCE... AWAIT  
FURTHER ORDERS!



AS THE PURPLE MIST LIFTS  
WE FIND THE HUMAN  
BOMB TALKING TO  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE  
ARMY FROM FORT DIX...

YOU'LL FIND  
THEM DOWN AT THE  
PATOMAC AWAITING  
ORDERS! GOT  
ANY?

AND HOW!



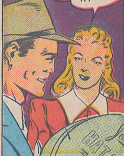
AT 8 O'CLOCK THE  
NEXT MORNING ROY  
LINCOLN REACHES HIS  
FINANCEE'S HOUSE...

SEEMS I RECALL  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
YOUR COMING BACK TO  
SEE ME LAST NIGHT  
IN AN HOUR... AND  
YOU BET ME...



I... I KNOW... HERE'S  
YOUR NEW HAT! Y'SEE,  
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL,  
I GOT KINDA LOST IN  
A FOG!!

FOG, EH??  
HMM... NOW  
I'LL TELL ONE  
!!!





LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!" TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS!"

... BUT HURRY!  
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT!"

## GIRLS! FREE Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

APRON  
FREE

With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



AMAZING

## "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

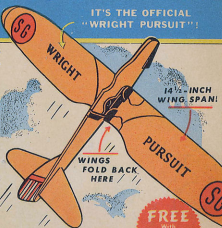
FREE

With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

AMAZING FOLDING-WING

## CATAPULT PLANE Like a Navy Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



## GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

HI-SPEEDERS!  
YOU NEED

## AVIATOR GOGGLES

FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc. Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES\* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain\*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and.....c).

- ☐ CATAPULT PLANE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE CAP  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE  
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE APRON  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ GIANT PERISCOPE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

\* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds



Keds Blue  
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme  
Oxford Keds  
make the tough ones  
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's  
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—  
the shoe of champions.  
They're the stuff  
for footwork



Footwork  
makes the Athlete  
Frank Leahy

For Better Footwork



FREE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**Keds**

the Shoe of Champions

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for  
future champions. To get your free copy send your name  
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber  
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

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